



No. 1

30p

VAMPIRELLA

A MAGAZINE
TO HAUNT
YOU !!!

1st
HORRIFYING
ISSUE!!!

GET CARRIED
AWAY INSIDE
WITH 48 FULL
COLOUR PAGES
OF TERROR!!!



par J. Gazzola

VAMPIRELLA



THE ORIGIN OF VAMPIRELLA

4

What has made Vampirella wish to flee from her homeland? Could it be the hatred that inhabits the country, the terror that has turned her friend, Tristan, into a quivering wreck? With enemies all around her, must she resort to the wiles of a Vampire . . .



WOLF HUNT

19

A beautiful, sensuous young woman likes to run through the forest naked. Then she turns herself into the guise of a wolf. In this new form she is ready to face anybody, except the evil Lupagar . . .



THE CALL OF THE DEAD

26

Darkness enshrouds the earth. A numb body grows more scared with every passing minute. What is this awful crackling noise to be heard all around? Will it ever stop and how can this lonely soul prevent these horrible sights that are looming into his subconscious . . . ?



THE CRY OF THE DHAMPIR

28

Two priests from the village of Alba Lulia in Transylvania close in upon one of the undead, a terrible monster. Trapped within the ruins of an ancient building is this to be the monster's end . . . ?

AS THOUGH THEY WERE LIVING

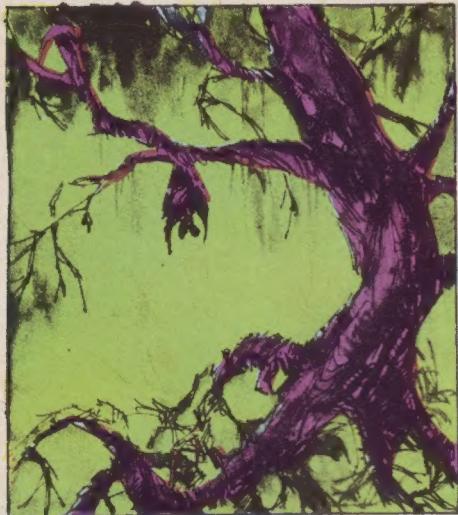
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In the eighteenth century a dance is in full swing in the village square. At the dance, though, Holland Wingate makes the mistake of rebuking Karyn Haining. A tale unfolds of dreadful retribution . . .

NIGHT...AND TREE LIMBS GNALED WITH AGE, HANG SILENTLY. SMALLER BRANCHES MOVE IN THE SLIGHT WIND, WEIGHTED DOWN BY THE FOREIGN PRESENCE OF A SLEEPING BAT, ITS HIND FEET ALMOST ROOTED TO THE BRANCH...

THE SKY IS STILL...A PAIR OF MOONS OBSCURED BY PASSING SHREDS OF CLOUD STAND AS IF IN WAIT, THE CREATURE STIRS ALMOST MOTIONLESSLY...AN EYE OPENS.

ITS WINGS FOLDED TIGHTLY AGAINST EACH OTHER FROM THE DAMP AND THE COLD THE BAT STARES INTO THE DARK...AND A MUTED PULSE QUICKENS. A RUSTLE AND THE BAT'S FINGERS BEGIN UNFOLDING THE CAPE OF SKIN...



THE DESCENT, THE SLOW, HALTING GLIDE, CLAWING AT THE AIR...IN SEARCH OF THAT FEARFUL PULSE BEATING IN THE NIGHT...HIDDEN SOMEWHERE...



AND THE ATTACK, SWIFT AND SUDDEN, A SMALL DARK BIRD LOST AMID THE WINGS OF THE BAT, CAUGHT THERE AS IF IN A WEB, THIN CONTRACTED CLAWS DIGGING INWARDS. AND THE BAT ALMOST FLOATING NOW.



...THE SHADOW OF NIGHT LIKE A WRAITH, THE BAT BEGINS A METAMORPHOSIS...ONCE MORE ITS WINGS SPREAD WIDE AND THE BONES OF BIRDS TUMBLE FORTH...



THE CREATURE SPILLS FORTH A COCOON...LONG, SLEEK FINGERS TUMBLE FORWARD WITH A LIFE OF THEIR OWN...THE CLOAK OF WINGS BECOME A SILKEN VEST...



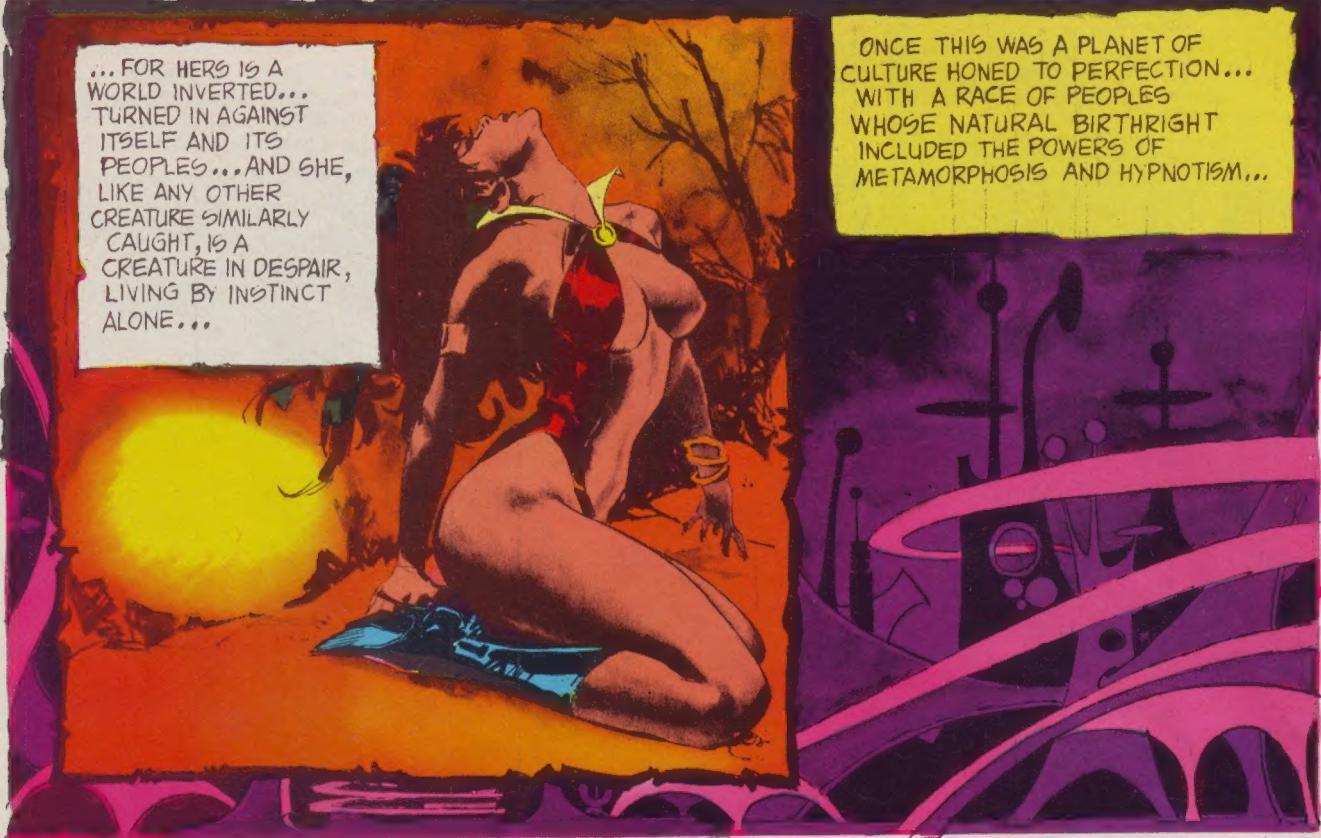
...AND WHO IS THIS SHADOWY FIGURE?... THIS GIRL OF UNEARTHLY BEAUTY WHOSE NAME IS VAMPIRELLA...COME FORTH FROM A SMALL, LOPING BAT...DREAM UPON HER...FOR SHE HAS NO DREAMS, HER ONLY WISH IS TO KEEP THAT SMALL AND EVER FLICKERING CANDLE OF LIFE BURNING IN A WORLD OF VIOLENT WINDS...



THE ORIGIN OF VAMPIRELLA

...FOR HERS IS A WORLD INVERTED... TURNED IN AGAINST ITSELF AND ITS PEOPLES... AND SHE, LIKE ANY OTHER CREATURE SIMILARLY CAUGHT, IS A CREATURE IN DESPAIR, LIVING BY INSTINCT ALONE...

ONCE THIS WAS A PLANET OF CULTURE HONED TO PERFECTION... WITH A RACE OF PEOPLES WHOSE NATURAL BIRTHRIGHT INCLUDED THE POWERS OF METAMORPHOSIS AND HYPNOTISM...



DRAKULON, ONCE A LUSH, MANY-PEOPLED WORLD, NOW NO MORE THAN A SKELETON OF ITS FORMER SELF... STRUGGLING TO KEEP ALIVE... AT NIGHT... IN THE COOLING DARKNESS.

FOR EVERY COMING OF DAY HERALDS THE INESCAPABLE PRESENCE OF DEATH DRAKULON'S TWIN SUNS... NOT UNLIKE THE FURIES... CASTING THEIR VENGEANCE ON ITS RIVERS BURNING AWAY THE ONCE AND MIGHTY FLOWING ARTERIES UNTIL NO MORE THAN GREYING PEBBLES AND ENDLESS PATCHES OF CRACKING EARTH REMAINED.



VAMPIRELLA SHIELDS HER EYES FROM THE COMING OF DAY..THE GRIM LIGHT RETURNS HER TO THE PAST...TO THE BEGINNING...WHEN HER WORLD BEGAN ITS COLLISION COURSE WITH THE TWIN SUNS...WHEN EVERYTHING AROUND HER, LIKE THE COMING OF THE APOCALYPSE, WENT OUT OF CONTROL, AND THE SEASONS CHANGED WITHOUT APPARENT CAUSE...

...BACK TO THAT ENCHANTED DAY BY THE RIVER...BACK TO TRISTAN, HER LOVER, FAIR TRISTAN, UNABLE TO CHANGE WITH THE CHANGE ALL AROUND HIM...A CHILD WHO REFUSED TO GROW OLD...DOOMED FOR EVER TO REMAIN STUNTED RATHER THAN ASSUME AGE.



ALTHOUGH HE WAS NEAR DEATH, SHE DID NOT KNOW IT THEN...HE HID HIS FEARS FROM HER LIKE A CHILD HOARDING TREASURE.



LIKE WIND HELD BACK ONLY TO RUSH FORTH MORE VIOLENTLY, THE GIRL SPRINGS AT THE GRONOS, DEATHLY AWARE OF ITS LEGENDARY PROWESS.



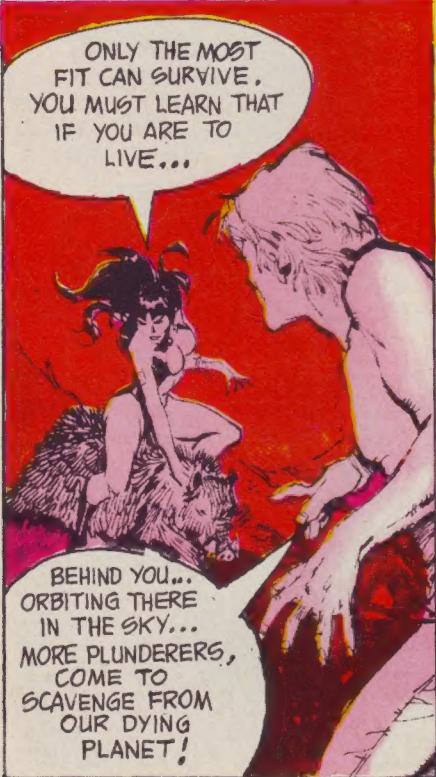
HER ARMS IN A STRANGE HOLD AROUND THE STRUGGLING GRONOS, VAMPIRELLA CONQUERS!

YOU WILL NOT MAKE ME YOUR VICTIM, GRONOS, AS YOU HAVE SO MANY OTHERS!



SHE LIFTS THE GRONOS FOR TRISTAN TO SEE ...

ONLY THE MOST FIT CAN SURVIVE. YOU MUST LEARN THAT IF YOU ARE TO LIVE ...



BEHIND YOU... ORBITING THERE IN THE SKY... MORE PLUNDERERS, COME TO SCAVENGE FROM OUR DYING PLANET!



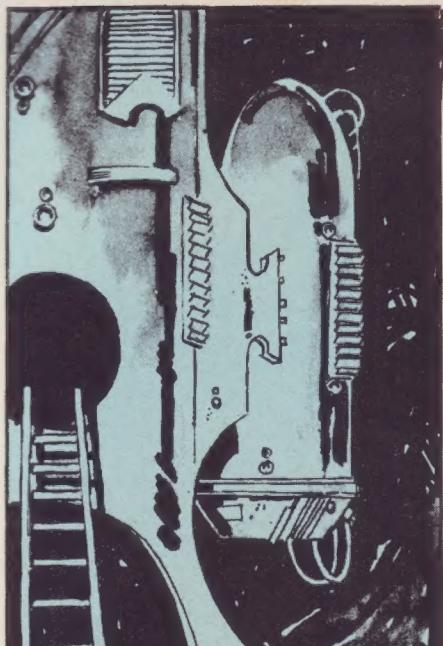
YES, FOR OUR HOME HAS BECOME A JUNGLE WHERE ONLY THE MOST FIT CAN SURVIVE, YOU ARE RIGHT, VAMPIRELLA. AND PERHAPS, MY DEAREST, THESE NEW ARRIVALS ARE EVEN MORE ADEPT AT DEALING WITH DEATH. PERHAPS THEY ARE EVEN MORE FIT THAN YOU, THE CYCLE NEVER ENDS... BEWARE, MY DARLING!

THEY SEE US! THE SHIP IS CIRCLING!

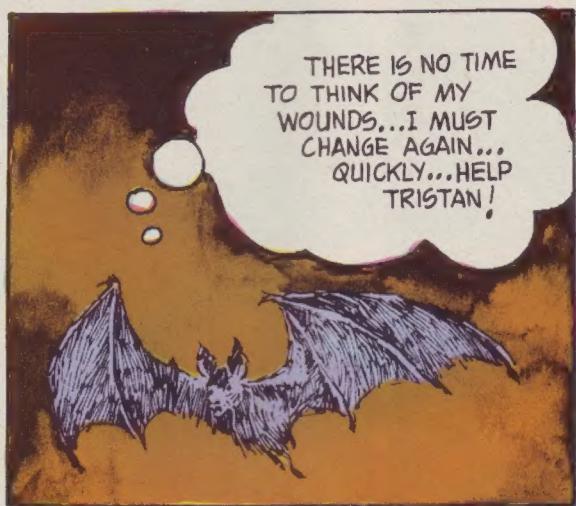
WILL THERE BE NO END TO ALL OF THIS?



EAT OF THE GRONOS SO THAT YOU MAY GAIN STRENGTH!



WOUNDED, THE BAT LIES MOTIONLESS.



BEFORE HER EYES, THE EARTH MEN'S DEADLY LASER BEAMS REDUCE TRISTAN TO NO MORE THAN A MEMORY.





LUNGING FORWARD, VAMPIRELLA GOUGES THE NECK OF HER ASSAILANT. LIKE AN ANIMAL TOO FREE TO KNOW ENSLAVEMENT SHE FIGHTS FREE WITH ALL HER WILL, THE MEMORY OF TRISTAN'S LAST MOMENTS BURNED INTO HER AS SURELY AS WITH LASERS.



DISTURBING MEMORIES HURL VAMPIRELLA BACK TO THE PRESENT WHERE SHE MUST DEAL WITH THE PROBLEMS OF TODAY AND NOT THE MEMORIES OF YESTERDAY.



THE DARK SPECTRE OF A BODY FRANTICALLY SHOVING ITS WAY FORWARD AS IF DRAWN BY THE NEW DAY'S SUN...



HOW LITTLE TIME THERE IS GIRL OF DRAKULON... YOU WHO DREAM OF THE PAST LONG GONE... UNAWARE OF THE DANGER ALMOST UPON YOU... A DANGER COME FROM INSIDE THE EARTH!

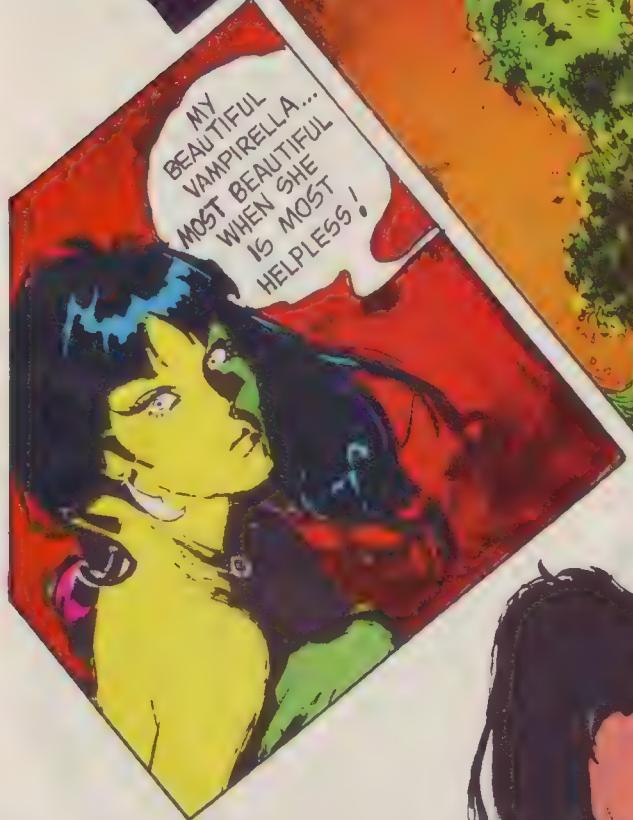




STAY, VAMPIRELLA!
REMAIN CROUCHED...
FOR YOU ARE MOST
DEFENCELESS THAT
WAY...AND ALL THE
MORE BEAUTIFUL!



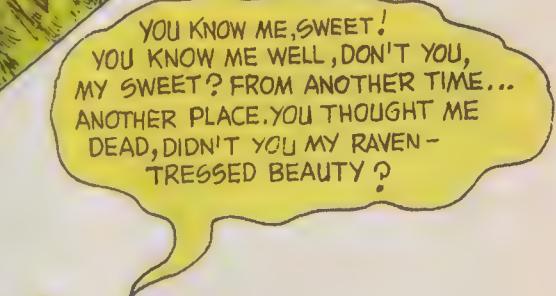
COME,
VAMPIRELLA!
YOUR HANDS BEHIND
YOUR BACK AS IF THEY
WERE FETTERED...AS IF
SOMEONE HAD ACTUALLY
BESTED HER WHOM
THEY CALL
VAMPIRELLA!



MY
BEAUTIFUL
VAMPIRELLA...
MOST BEAUTIFUL
WHEN SHE
IS MOST
HELPLESS!



PUT YOUR
HANDS BEHIND
YOU MY SWEET,
SO MY EYES
MAY FEAST ON
ALL OF YOU!



YOU KNOW ME, SWEET!
YOU KNOW ME WELL, DON'T YOU,
MY SWEET? FROM ANOTHER TIME...
ANOTHER PLACE. YOU THOUGHT ME
DEAD, DIDN'T YOU MY RAVEN-
TRESSED BEAUTY?



YOU WERE MY FAIR...MY ONLY...BUT,
FORGIVE ME, I AM NOT DRESSED
FOR THE OCCASION.
ALLOW ME TO
WIPE MY FACE
CLEAN.



YOU ARE MOST
BEAUTIFUL THAT WAY...
AS I HAVE ALWAYS
WANTED YOU...AT
YOUR WEAKEST...
YOU WERE
ALWAYS SO
STRONG AND I...
I ALWAYS SO
WEAK. NOW, MY
SWEET, THE
TABLES ARE
TURNED!

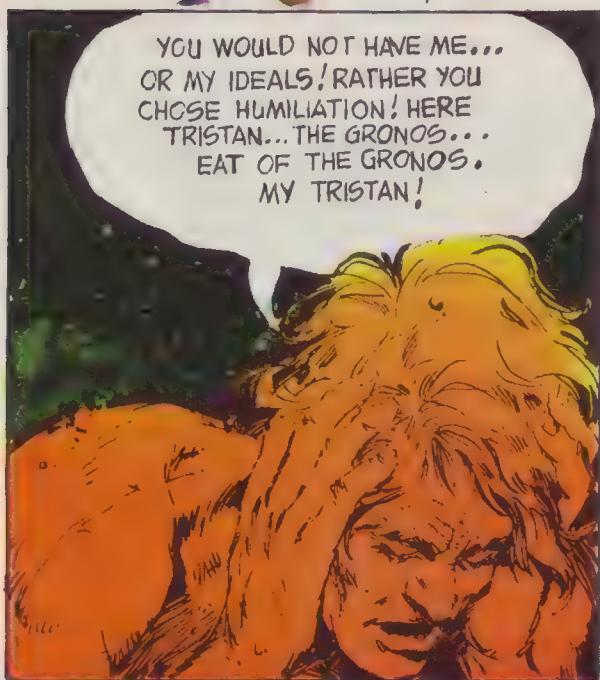
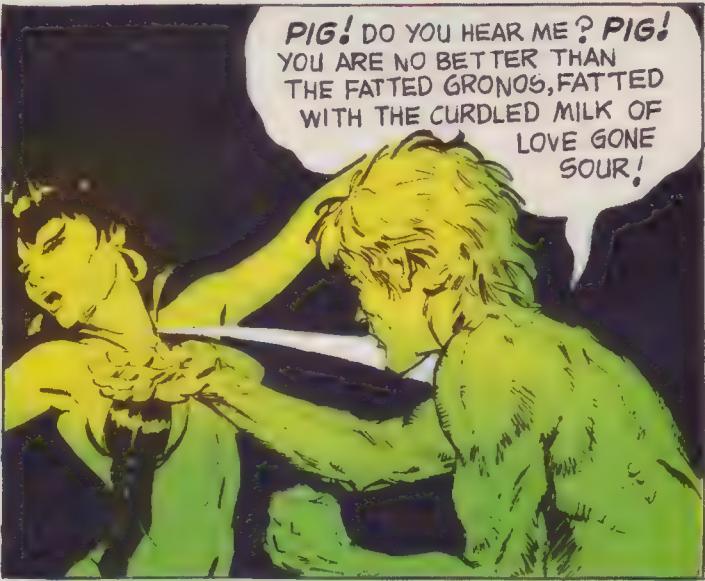
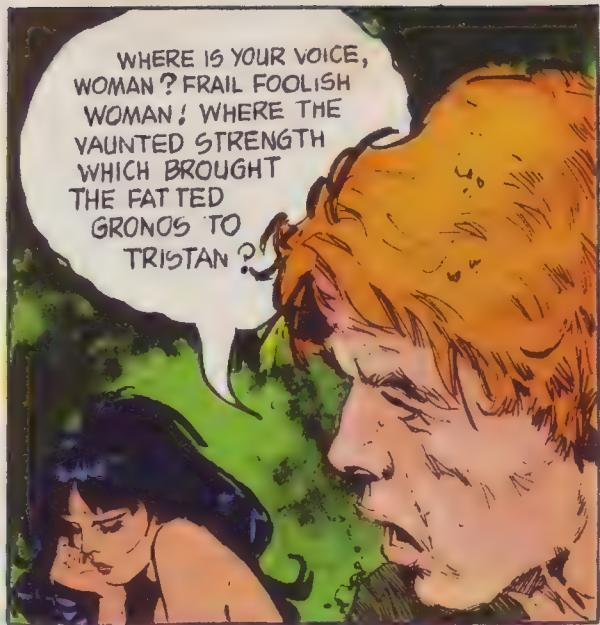


YOU KNEW,
DIDN'T YOU?...THAT
IT WAS TRISTAN WHO
STOOD BEFORE
YOU!



NO LONGER DO
YOU UNDERSTAND?
THIS IS NOT WEAK
TRISTAN BEFORE
YOU! NO!







ALWAYS SO
WEAK...WHY
AM I WEAK
NOW?...



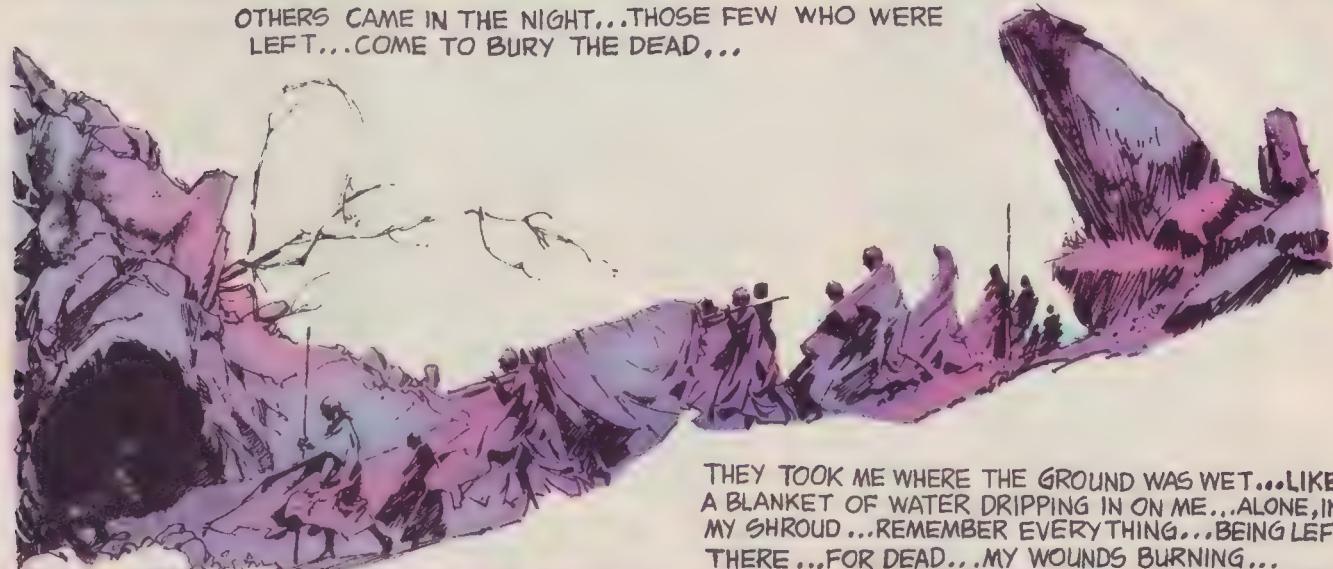
VAMPIRELLA WAITS IN
SILENCE, LISTENING TO THE
SMALL AND FRIGHTENED
SOBS COMING FROM
TRISTAN.



WHERE
DID YOU
COME
FROM
TRISTAN



LASER BEAMS...
BURNING AWAY
FALLING...



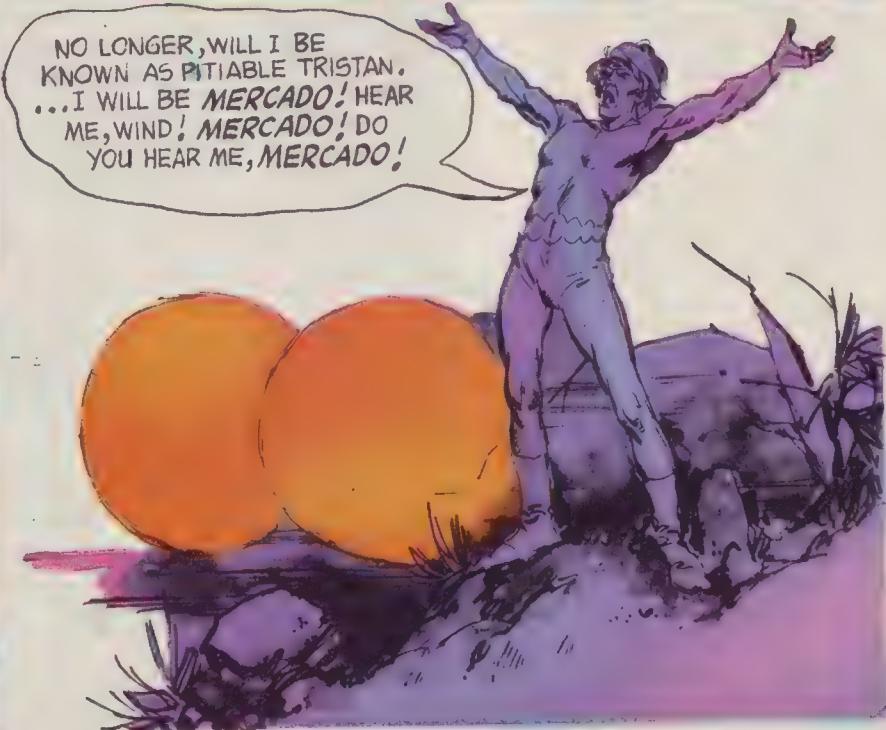
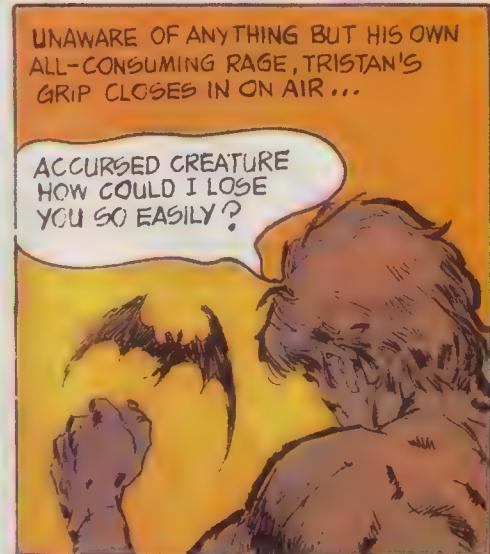
OTHERS CAME IN THE NIGHT...THOSE FEW WHO WERE
LEFT...COME TO BURY THE DEAD...



THEY TOOK ME WHERE THE GROUND WAS WET...LIKE
A BLANKET OF WATER DRIPPING IN ON ME...ALONE, IN
MY SHROUD...REMEMBER EVERYTHING...BEING LEFT
THERE...FOR DEAD...MY WOUNDS BURNING...



IT WAS BLOOD. THEY
BURIED ME WHERE A RIVER
HAD FLOWED BEFORE THE
DROUGHT...BLOOD SINKING
DOWN INTO THE EARTH, DEEPER,
FLOWING INTO ME...RESTORING
ME...FADING FROM ABOVE...
SINKING INTO THE EARTH, INTO
ME...I WAS THE EARTH AND
THE EARTH WAS FEEDING ME...





NOTHING HERE, ONLY DEATH... AND THE MOCKERY OF DEATH. TRISTAN IS A GHOST OF HIMSELF... HIS EVERY TORTURED WORD MOCKS WHAT NOW IS ONLY A SPECTRAL LOVE! I CANNOT REMAIN HERE, A WITNESS TO MY WORLD'S FUNERAL PYRE! I MUST LEAVE!



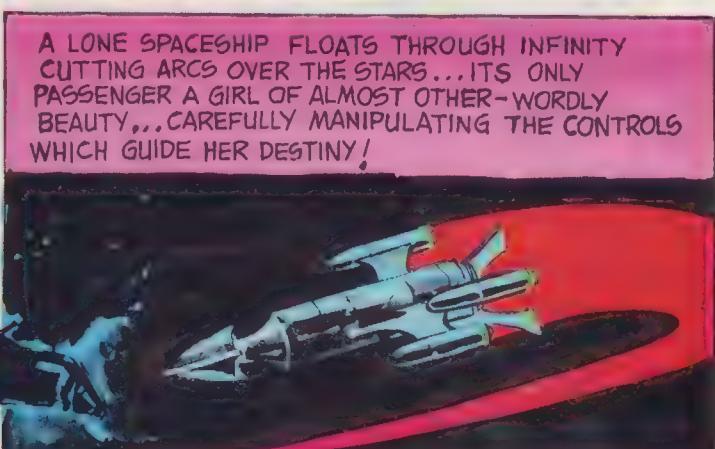
EVEN NOW... AS I WATCH MY DEAR TRISTAN... SOMETHING IN HIM IS KILLING ME. OUR LOVE, SOURED TO HATE, WILL BE MY DEATH!



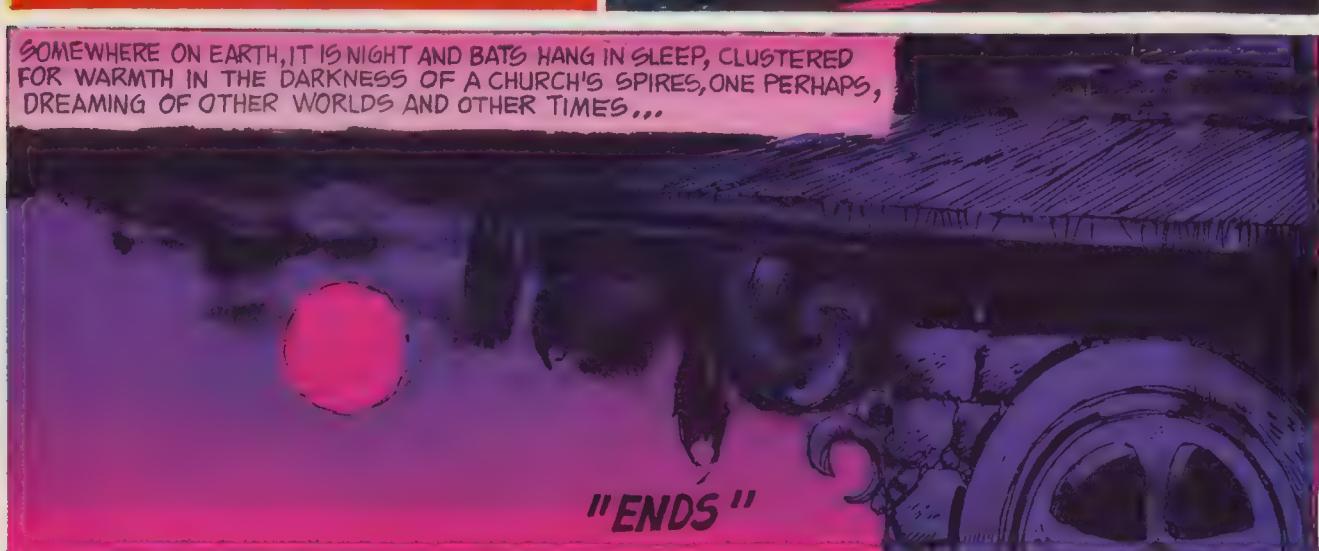
I MUST LEAVE HERE! I AM SURROUNDED BY SHADOWS! MOCKING, DYING SHADOWS!



...I AM RESPONSIBLE TO NO ONE... THOSE EARTHMEN... THEY LEFT THEIR SPACESHIP. I CAN USE THAT TO GO ELSE-WHERE... LEAVE THIS WORLD GONE MAD... I WILL SEEK RELEASE IN ANOTHER WORLD!



A LONE SPACESHIP FLOATS THROUGH INFINITY CUTTING ARCS OVER THE STARS... ITS ONLY PASSENGER A GIRL OF ALMOST OTHER-WORLDLY BEAUTY... CAREFULLY MANIPULATING THE CONTROLS WHICH GUIDE HER DESTINY!



SOMEWHERE ON EARTH, IT IS NIGHT AND BATS HANG IN SLEEP, CLUSTERED FOR WARMTH IN THE DARKNESS OF A CHURCH'S SPIRES, ONE PERHAPS, DREAMING OF OTHER WORLDS AND OTHER TIMES...

"ENDS"



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS THIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL WHO LIKED TO RUN THROUGH THE FOREST IN HER BIRTHDAY SUIT...!

WOLF HUNT

LET THE CHANGE COME! LET ME RUN WITH THE WINDS ONCE MORE!

DRENCHED IN FULL MOONLIGHT, THE SENSUOUS FIGURE OF A YOUNG GIRL BEGINS ITS STRANGE METAMORPHOSIS FROM HUMAN INTO BESTIAL FORM!



NOW! THE HUNT!



TO THE WOLF-GIRL LUPAGAR'S CHANGED NOSTRILS COME KEEN TRACES OF ANIMAL LIFE NEARBY--- FLESH AND BLOOD!

DRUNK WITH THE EXCITEMENT OF HER BLOODLUST, LUPAGAR REVELS IN THE SENSATIONS OF THE NIGHT.

FREEDOM AGAIN! WITH THE WIND RUFFLING MY FUR! I COULD EVER REMAIN THUS!



IN HER EXCITEMENT, LUPAGAR DOES NOT DETECT A HIDDEN PRESENCE WATCHING HER.

SOON, NOW....



THE WOLF-GIRL STAGGERS UNDER THE BLOW OF THE ACCURATELY AIMED STONE.

NOW MY BEAUTY! YOU ARE TORVATH'S!





AT DAWN'S LIGHT, LUPA-GAR WAKES IN A STRANGE PLACE, HER HEAD THROBBING AND HER HUNGER UNSATISFIED....



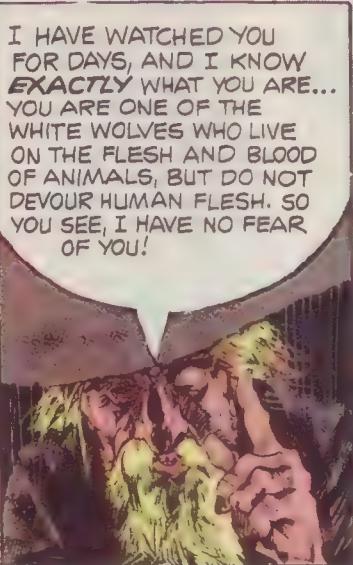
RELAX, MY BEAUTY!
TORVATH WILL NOT
HARM YOU!



I AM NOT OF
YOUR KIND! YOU
HAVE NO RIGHT TO
HOLD ME HERE!



I HAVE WATCHED YOU
FOR DAYS, AND I KNOW
EXACTLY WHAT YOU ARE...
YOU ARE ONE OF THE
WHITE WOLVES WHO LIVE
ON THE FLESH AND BLOOD
OF ANIMALS, BUT DO NOT
DEVOUR HUMAN FLESH. SO
YOU SEE, I HAVE NO FEAR
OF YOU!



YOU WILL REGRET THIS ACT! WHEN I
AM AGAIN A WOLF....

YOU WILL BE LOCKED IN YOUR
CELL WHEN YOU ARE A WOLF.
BUT WHEN YOU ARE NO MORE
THAN A WEAK GIRL....YOU
WILL BE MINE! RESIGN
YOURSELF!



LUPAGAR IS REPelled
BY TORVATH'S
CLAMMY TOUCH....



THROUGH THE LONG DAY, LUPAGAR CALMLY EXPLORES THE DAMP, MUSTY CELL, SEARCHING FOR SOME TINY IMPERFECTION IN ITS DEFENCES.



AS THE AFTERNOON SHADOWS BEGIN TO LENGTHEN, THE WOLF GIRL FINDS....

LATE IN THE DAY, TORVATH RETURNS---EAGER
TO LOOK IN ON HIS PRISONER!

HAH! SHE DUG HER
WAY OUT WITH HER
BARE HANDS! I
KNEW THE WOLF-GIRL
WOULD HAVE SPIRIT!
AND STILL WITHIN THE
CASTLE, I'LL WAGER!
THIS MAKES IT ALL THE
MORE INTERESTING!

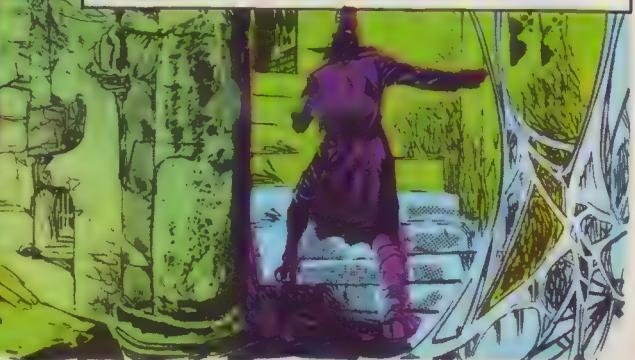
TORVATH BEGINS A RELENTLESS HUNT
THROUGH THE DARK FORTRESS, NOT
REALIZING THAT HE HIMSELF IS THE
QUARRY!



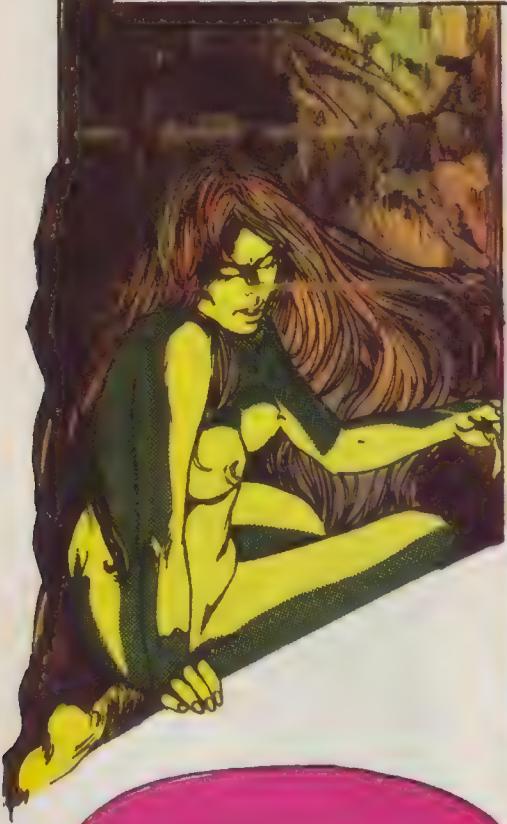
RUN, MY LOVELY! RUN
AS FAR AND AS FAST AS
YOU CAN! FOR....SOON YOU
WILL RUN YOURSELF
INTO A CORNER!



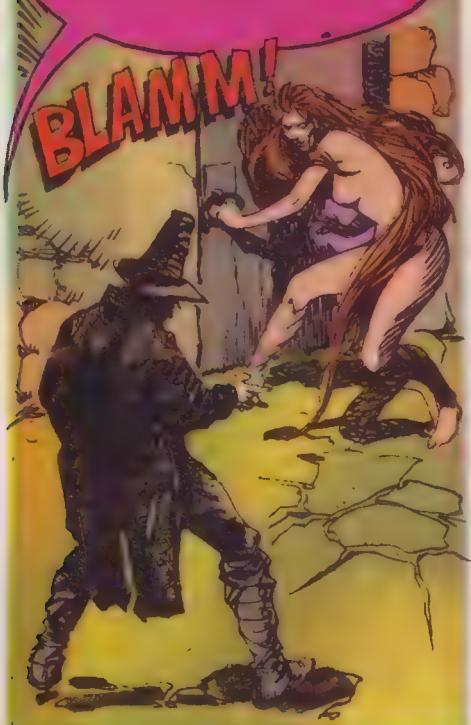
THE EAGER HUNTER DOES NOT HEAR THE
CAUTIOUS, WOLF-LIKE PADDING OF THE
SLEEK HUNTRESS BEHIND HIM....



TORVATH'S HUNTING PROWESS IS
RENNED, BUT THERE IS NO
HUNTER LIKE THE ANIMAL!



SO! YOU'VE TRAPPED ME, HAVE YOU, MY WOLF-GIRL? REMEMBER, YOU HAD NO NOURISHMENT LAST NIGHT, AND YOU'RE WEAK FROM CLAWING YOURSELF OUT OF THAT CELL! SOON, THE SUN WILL BE DOWN — YOU WILL AGAIN BECOME A WOLF.



SO YOU'D BEST SURRENDER AND LET ME NOURISH YOU FROM MY LIVESTOCK.... YOU'LL NOT BE ABLE TO LOWER THE DRAWBRIDGE IN WOLF FORM, WILL YOU NOW?....



...AND ANOTHER NIGHT WITHOUT FOOD WILL REALLY DRAIN YOU!

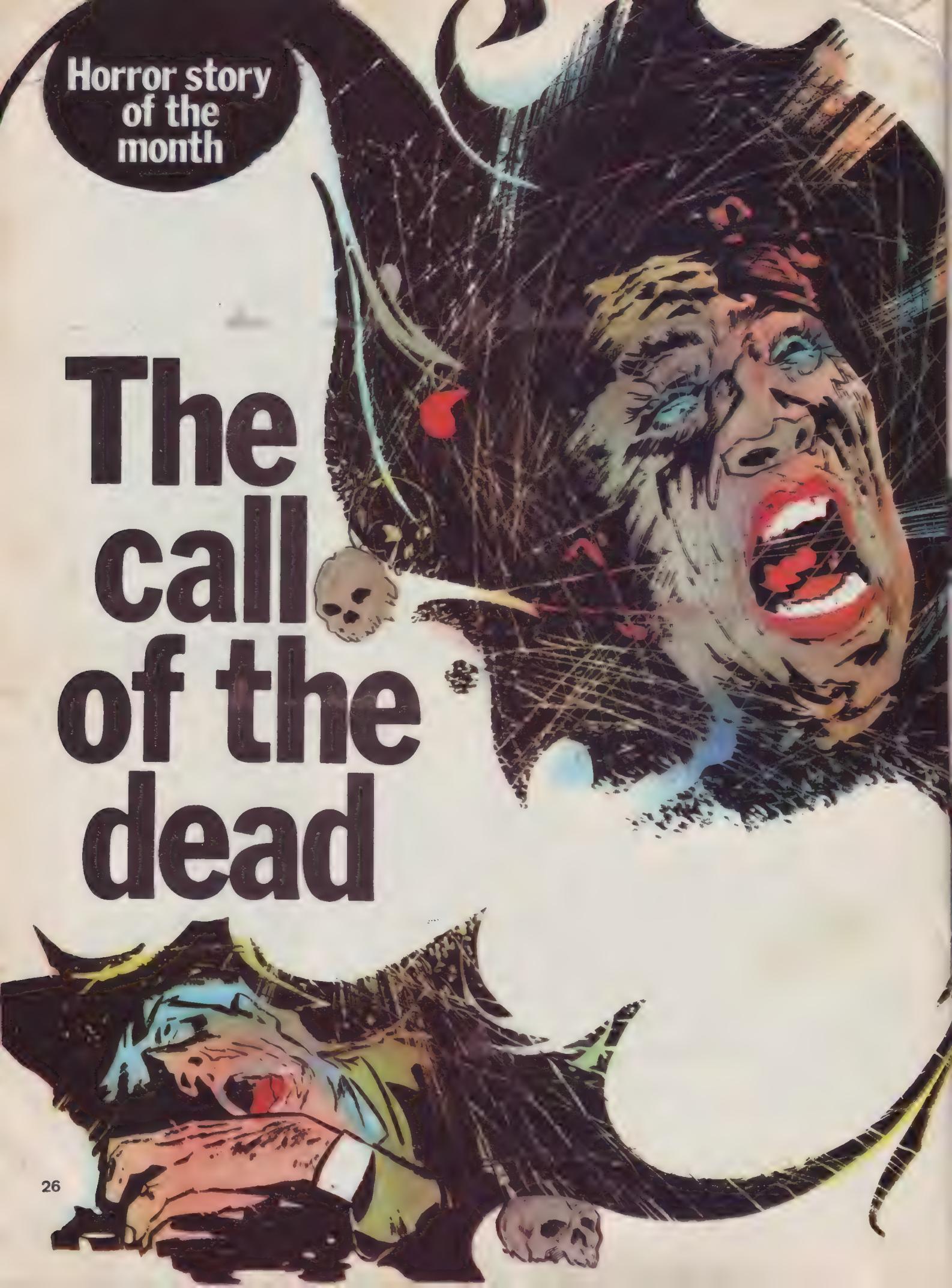


OLD TORVATH THOUGHT HE WAS QUITE A WOLF, A REAL LADY KILLER, UNTIL HE MET UP WITH THE REAL THING! YOU JUST CAN'T TRUST A SHE IN WOLF'S CLOTHING! I BET OUR HERO HAS SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT EVER LOCKING GRANDMA IN THE CLOSET AGAIN!



Horror story
of the
month

The call of the dead



Darkness overcame him. Abysmal darkness unbroken by the slightest glimmer of light. The gloom made him tremble. Whilst he was still working out where exactly he was, he heard a slight noise. He couldn't determine where it came from because it appeared to come from everywhere at once. Slight crackling filled the stuffy atmosphere.

He listened in bewilderment. His body appeared to be away from it all. He saw no chance of controlling his paralysed limbs. Suddenly he felt his hair. It felt like glass. A hundred thousand finest needles penetrated deep into his skull. However, he could not cry. His mouth was parched. How long was it since he had had something to drink? His mouth was squeezed together as though steel clamps had been welded around his jaws. Everything was motionless and stiff.

Whilst fearfully listening to the crackle around him the giddiness returned. Tormenting pressure forced his head together. Mountains seem to close in on him and he was not capable of counter measures. Fiery tongues licked in his interior and ate deeply into his subconscious. Pictures scurried past. Shreds of recollections that were senseless to him. They combined into a rotating white dot which departed even more quickly. The feeling of giddiness took hold of his whole body. Yes, he felt his body again. Then again he suddenly heard this crackling noise. It seemed as though air in an empty room was circulating in a vacuum. He concentrated on this sound with as much power as he believed he possessed. This crackling seemed to provide the key for escape from this terrible darkness, away from this black hell. He longed for fresh air, for sun, flowers, and the blue sky.

The sound had by now intensified to a rumble.

Dark clouds passed over the cemetery. A gentle puff of wind rustled the branches of the slim birch trees. Suppressed gulping overcame him.

A spade crashed on to stone. A cluster of rose-coloured worms was severed by the sharp blade of the spade. Then the world shook as in an earthquake. The sky was distorted under the passing clouds. Black, grey clouds pushed past the sun.

The coffin suddenly appeared to become transparent as he caught a view of the stems of the birch trees. Then darkness quickly descended. Eventually

he only saw the shining blue sky, a narrow rectangle which became even smaller. Indistinct voices descended. Then clumps of earth fell down. Like thunderbolts they crashed on the resinous pinewood and shook his paralysed nervous system. An avalanche of muddy earth built up over him. Painfully he gasped for air—and could not breathe. A last quivering ray of sun expired suddenly out. Darkness was again everywhere.

Then he noticed that he was not alone. He wanted to turn his head but failed to do so. His whole body seemed as heavy as lead. He only seemed to hear and smell. Next to him a ratte sounded quite clearly. Wood splintered and the smell of fresh earth came to his nose. It smelt of mushrooms and stinking foul water. A cold breeze carried faint sniffling breathing sounds closer. Breath filled with purposeful eagerness. He heard tiny sharp teeth gnashing.

It came even closer.

Suddenly he felt the touch. He wanted to collapse and cry. Not a sound left his parched throat. He was alone with his terror. He was dead. He could feel his prickly hair graze his neck. It tickled him. Then a damp nose touched his cheek. A tiny foot sat on his chin. Suddenly there were more feet which quickly crept upwards and tiny claws boring themselves into his eyeballs. An oval body lay heavily on his face. It smelt sweetly. As the long prickly hair whisked diagonally across his forehead he knew who had entered.

He immediately realised what was the matter with him.

Before the first bite he made himself relinquish all his fear and despair. He cried as he had never cried before. But his mouth remained dumb. The echo of his cries vibrated in his black, sticky confines and shook his rigid body.

The cry faded away in the gloom. The old lady took the youngster firmly by the hand. White hair framed her wrinkled old face. Time had left clear marks in her bent body. She would not survive the summer. She guessed that. As she passed the freshly dug grave pile she suddenly stopped to listen. She nodded gently with her head. Barely audible words left her wrinkled lips.

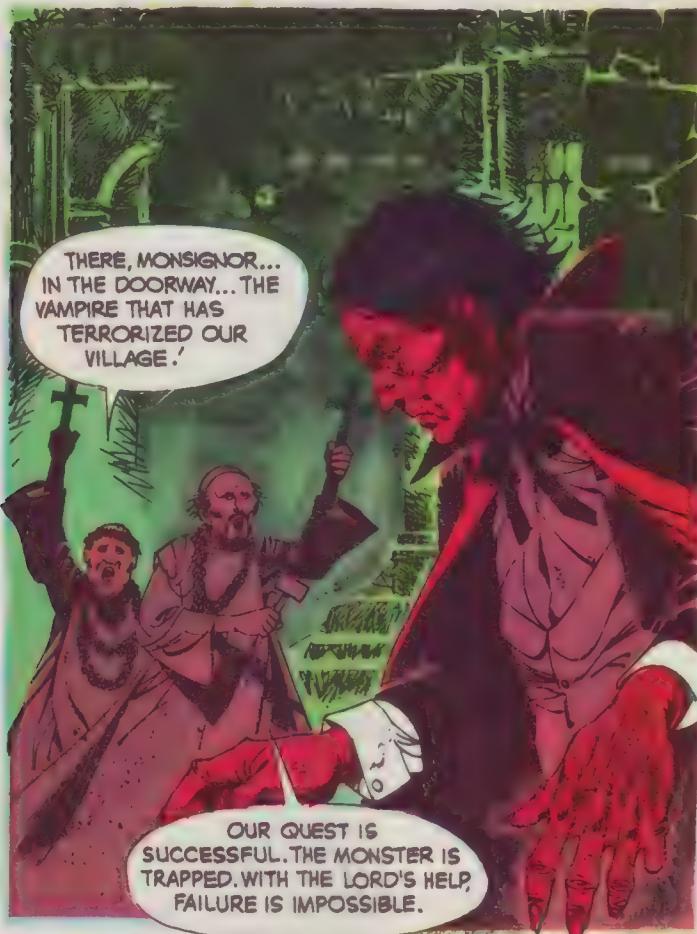
"Do you hear the cries of the dead, my youngster?"



The little one had not listened. He released the gouty hand and walked out of the cemetery gate. That was no place for him. Not in any grave. The wind rustled in the foliage of the birch trees. The old lady stood in front of the grave and murmured pensively. Yes, just call. Nobody will hear you. She should know because she was very close to death. She straightened the wreaths and plucked out some dried flowers.

Only she heard the awesome cry destined to continue for eternity. The call of the dead.

LONG NIGHTS OF INTENSE INVESTIGATION AND SEARCHING FINALLY BEAR FRUIT AS TWO PRIESTS OF THE VILLAGE OF ALBA LULIA IN TRANSYLVANIA CLOSE IN UPON ONE OF THE UNDEAD, TRAPPING HIM WITHIN THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT BUILDING.



THE ANCIENT STONE FLOOR RESOUNDS LOUDLY TO THE VAMPIRE'S POUNDING FEET. FOOTPRINTS IN DUST UNDISTURBED FOR YEARS LEAVE A CLEAR TRAIL...



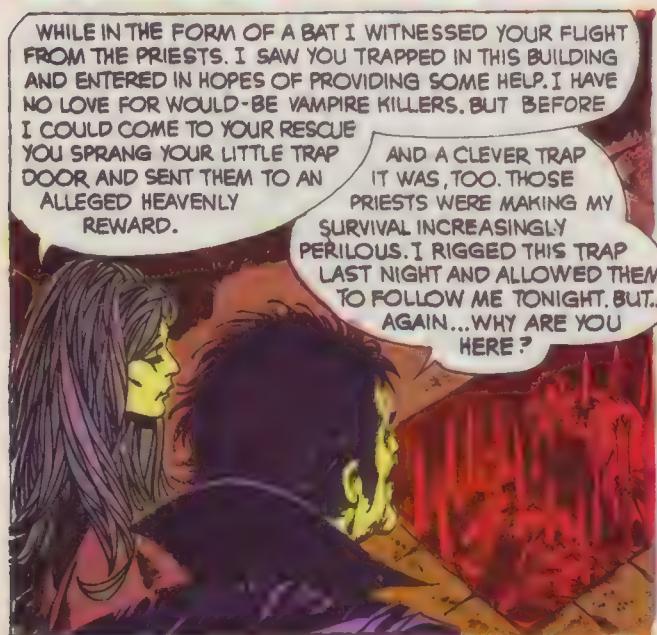
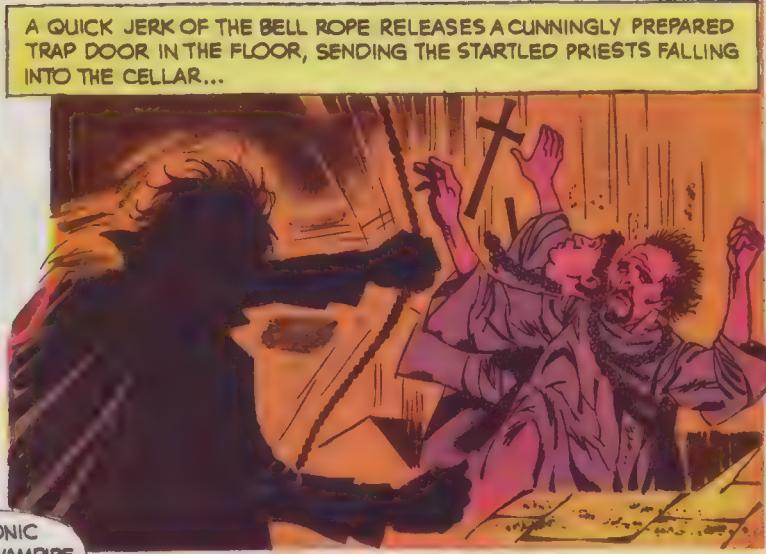
THE CRY OF THE DHAMPIR

...WHICH LEADS, INEVITABLY, TO A HIGH CEILINGED ROOM WITH THE ONLY DOOR BLOCKED BY THE PRIESTS.

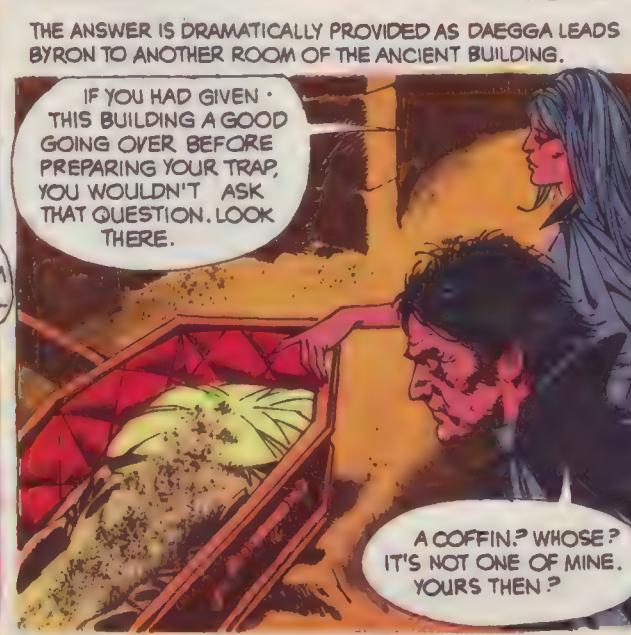


THE BEGINNINGS OF ANOTHER TYPICAL VAMPIRE EPIC, YOU SAY... WHERE YOU KNOW BEFOREHAND EACH MOVE OF THE CHARACTERS ... AND THE END COMES DEEP IN SOME ANCIENT CATACOMB WHERE THE DOCTOR POUNDS THE CLICHÉ-RIDDEN STAKE DEEP INTO THE VAMPIRE'S BLOATED HEART. NO... NOT THIS TIME. A BREATH OF FETID AIR DIRECT FROM REALITY WILL SOON OVERTHROW ALL THE CLICHÉS AND CARRY WITH IT THE UNEXPECTED CRY OF THE DHAMPIR.





AND A CLEVER TRAP IT WAS, TOO. THOSE PRIESTS WERE MAKING MY SURVIVAL INCREASINGLY PERILOUS. I RIGGED THIS TRAP LAST NIGHT AND ALLOWED THEM TO FOLLOW ME TONIGHT. BUT... AGAIN... WHY ARE YOU HERE?



IF YOU HAD GIVEN THIS BUILDING A GOOD GOING OVER BEFORE PREPARING YOUR TRAP, YOU WOULDN'T ASK THAT QUESTION. LOOK THERE.

A COFFIN? WHOSE? IT'S NOT ONE OF MINE. YOURS THEN?



DAEGGA UNBOLTS THE SHUTTER TO THE WINDOW. IT SWINGS OPEN GIVING AN UNRESTRICTED VIEW OF THE VALLEY IN WHICH IS LOCATED THE VILLAGE. SOUNDS OF MUSIC AND GAIETY FLOAT UP FROM BELOW.



IT WOULD BE MY PLEASURE, FAIR VAMPIRE. IT WILL BE AN INTERESTING CHANGE FOR ME. TOO LONG HAVE I CONSORTED ONLY WITH CREATURES OF THE NIGHT, CUT OFF FROM ALL HUMAN FRIVOLITY. THE LAUGHTER OF RED BLOODED CHILDREN SHALL DO MY SOUL GOOD.



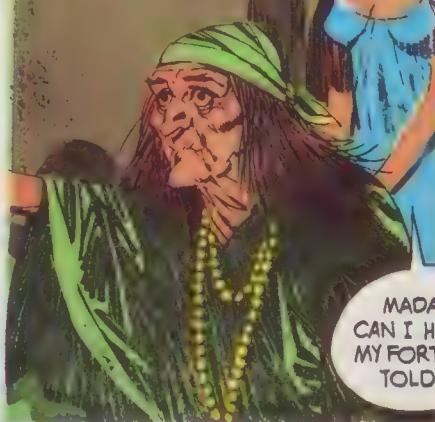
SOON, AT THE CIRCUS, BYRON AND DAEGGA ARE SURROUNDED BY THE UNFAMILIAR SIGHTS OF HAPPY CROWDS OF PEOPLE OUT FOR A NIGHT'S FUN.





BEWILDERED BY THE STRANGE TURN OF EVENTS, THE OLD GYPSY BIDS DAEGGA BE SEATED AT THE TABLE. TENSION HANGS HEAVILY IN THE CONFINED WAGON.

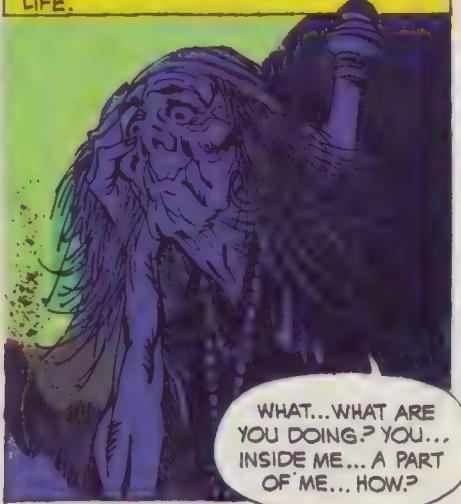
AH... WHAT IS IT YOU WISH TO KNOW OR LEARN?



DAEGGA DOES NOT SPEAK. HER WILL ARCS THE SPACE BETWEEN THEM AND ENTERS THE GYPSY'S MIND ON A BEAM OF POTENT MENTAL ENERGY...



...PROBING WITH GENTLE YET FORCEFUL WISPS OF POWER AMONG THE CLUTTERED MEMORIES OF A NOMADIC LIFE.



SLOWLY THE RANDOM PARTS OF AN ANCIENT MEMORY ARE JOINED TOGETHER.



I AM EXPECTING OUR FIRST CHILD. BUT THE COMING OF NIGHT BRINGS NO THOUGHTS OF PLEASURE, BUT ONLY VISIONS OF TERROR...



...NOT TERROR OF THE UNBORN, BUT TERROR...



... OF THE UNDEAD!!!

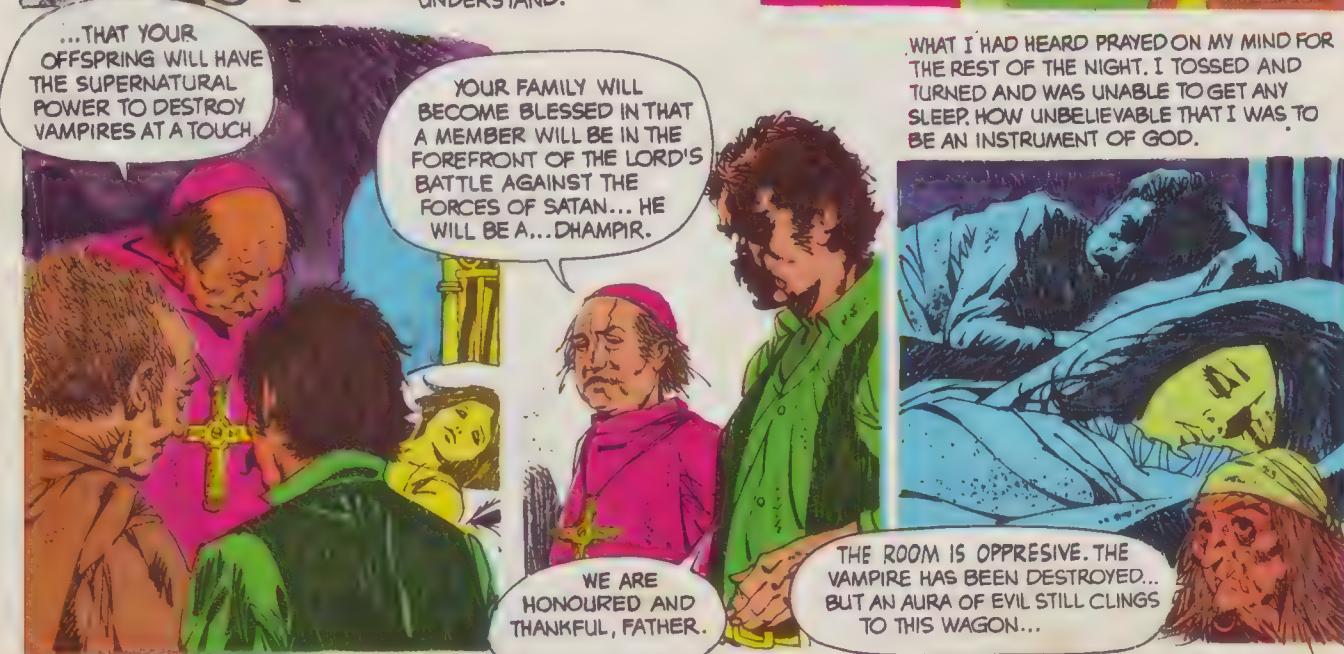


HIS MOUTH... HIS TEETH... SO LONG... SHARP... BUT I CAN DO NOTHING... HE HAS BEEN HERE BEFORE... AND EACH TIME I FALL MORE UNDER HIS POWER...



WAIT... WHAT IS THE MATTER... WHY IS HE TURNING AWAY?

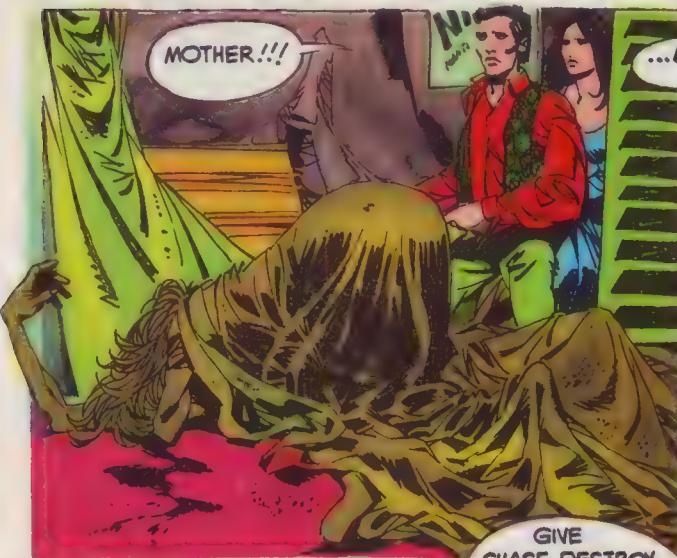




...HOVERING OVER ME...WAITING
FOR A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS...



AS DAEGGA KNEELS BY THE DEAD WOMAN AND SATISFIES HER UNHOLY THIRST THE REAR DOOR OPENS.



A MOMENT'S GLANCE INTO THE HATE-FILLED EYES OF THE YOUNG MAN SHOWS DAEGGA THAT SHE IS CONFRONTED BY THE...



DAEGGA RUNS THROUGH THE TWISTING ALLEYS OF THE CIRCUS, BLIND TO EVERYTHING BUT THE THOUGHT OF ESCAPE, UNTIL...



THEIR ESCAPE IS INTERRUPTED WHEN A MAN STUMBLERS FROM THE SHADOWS AND...



...WITH EVERYONE RUNNING TO SEE WHAT THE COMMOTION IS WE'LL HAVE A CLEAR ROUTE OF ESCAPE.

MUST YOU LEAVE THE CIRCUS SO SOON, VAMPIRES. IT REALLY IS THE HIGH SPOT OF VILLAGE SOCIAL LIFE FOR THE YEAR.

AHHH!
BYRON!!!

I KNOW.
IT'S THE
DHAMPIR.

YOU REALLY MUST LET ME SHOW YOU AROUND. HERE... TAKE MY HAND.

OUT OF HER MIND WITH FEAR, DAEGGA GRIPS BYRON AS TIGHTLY AS SHE CAN, PREVENTING HIM FROM TAKING ANY ACTION AGAINST THE DHAMPIR.

YOU'VE COMPLETELY LOST CONTROL, DAEGGA. I HAVE NO CHOICE. ALL IS LOST FOR ME, UNLESS...

DO SOMETHING, BYRON. HE'LL KILL ME... US...

GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, DAEGGA. I CAN'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL YOU RELEASE ME FROM YOUR STRANGLEHOLD.

...I SACRIFICE YOU!!!

A STRONG LEAP CARRIES BYRON OVER THE STONE WALL INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE WOODS BORDERING THE CIRCUS.

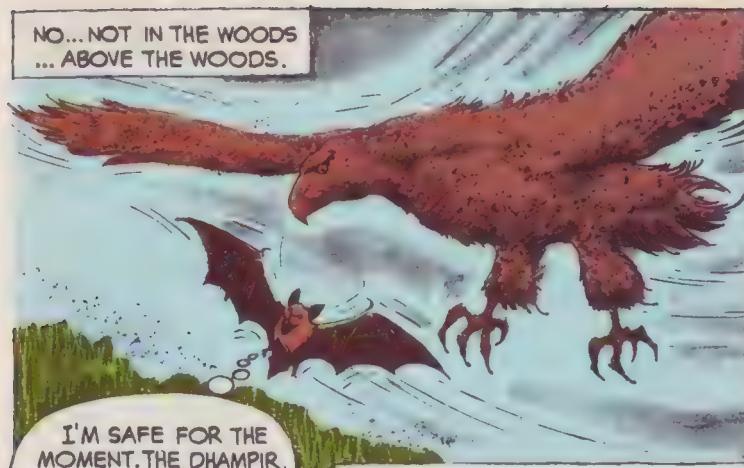
BYRON!!! NO!!!

'T IS A PITY, DAEGGA DEAR, BUT YOU LOST YOUR HEAD AT THE MOMENT YOU NEEDED IT MOST. BUT YOU GAVE ME THE EXTRA FEW SECONDS I NEED TO COMPLETE MY ESCAPE.

WHICH WAY DID THE OTHER ONE GO?

INTO THE WOODS. CATCH AND DESTROY HIM QUICKLY.

NO... NOT IN THE WOODS
... ABOVE THE WOODS.



I'M SAFE FOR THE
MOMENT. THE DHAMPIR,
CAN'T REACH ME WHILE
I'M IN THE FORM OF
A BAT.

THE SUDDEN MID-AIR ATTACK CATCHES BYRON
COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE.



A SATANIC MIRACLE THROWS BYRON
CLEAR OF THE IMPACT BEFORE THE
DHAMPIR'S TALONS CAN SINK INTO HIS
BODY.

BUT THE DHAMPIR, A SUPERNATURAL
BEING WITH THE BLOOD OF VAMPIRES
FLOWING IN HIS VEINS, HAS RESOURCES
TO DRAW UPON THAT BYRON COULD
NEVER GUESS.

TWISTING AND TURNING IN THE SKY
ABOVE THE CIRCUS, BYRON RAPIDLY
TIRES. EACH SWIPE OF THE DEADLY
TALONS COMES CLOSER...



YOU...
DHAMPIR... ALSO
THE GREAT BIRD
THAT ATTACKED
ME?

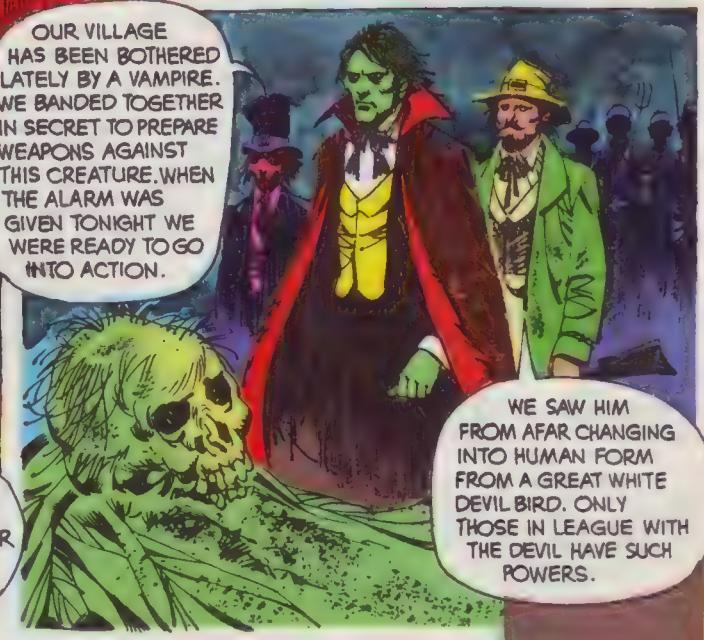


YES. HALF OF MY
HERITAGE IS VAMPIRE AND
I HAVE MANY OF YOUR
POWERS... WHICH MAKES
ME UNBEATABLE.

BUT ENOUGH
TALK. I AM DELAYING
MY HOLY MISSION...
THE DESTRUCTION OF
ALL VAMPIRES.



WAIT... SPARE ME...
I CAN BE OF USE TO YOU...
INFORMATION ON OTHER
VAMPIRES... IF YOU LET
ME LIVE.



YOU WON'T LIVE
TO HEAR ANY OF
THEM.

NOR YOU,
VAMPIRE.

BYRON FEELS A DEEPENING CHILL. THIS IS
NOT THE TYPICAL SCREAMING, WHIMPERING
VAMPIRE VICTIM. SHE IS TOO SELF-
CONFIDENT... TOO COMPOSED.

THERE IS ONE FACT
YOU FAILED TO LEARN ABOUT
THE GYPSY WOMAN. NINE
MONTHS AFTER THE VAMPIRE
VISITED HER, SHE GAVE
BIRTH...

... TO
TWINS!!!

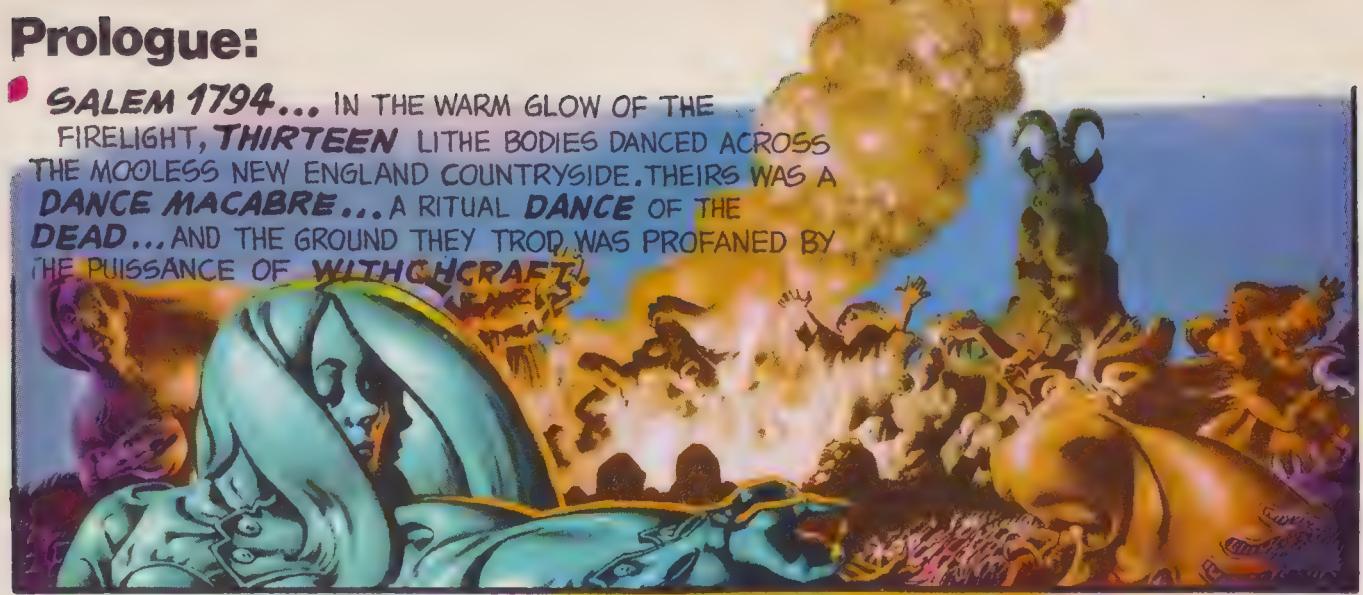
YOU WERE
LUCKY THIS
EVENING... VERY
LUCKY. BUT YOUR
LUCK HAS JUST
BEEN EXHAUSTED.

I AM NOT HIS LOVER...
I AM HIS TWIN SISTER...
AND A DHAMPIR LIKE
HE WAS.

IT'S ALMOST
ENOUGH TO MAKE A
GOOD VAMPIRE KILLER
HANG UP HIS STAKE
AND RETIRE.

Prologue:

SALEM 1794... IN THE WARM GLOW OF THE FIRELIGHT, THIRTEEN LITHE BODIES DANCED ACROSS THE MOOLESS NEW ENGLAND COUNTRYSIDE. THEIRS WAS A DANCE MACABRE... A RITUAL DANCE OF THE DEAD... AND THE GROUND THEY TROD, WAS PROFANED BY THE PUSSANCE OF WITCHCRAFT!



KARYN HAINING, HER SOFT EYES DISGUIISING THE FERVID PASSIONS WITHIN, DANCED IN FRENZIED, EROTIC ABANDON... AS THOUGH THE FURIOUS MOTION WOULD SOMEHOW DRIVE THE HATRED AND BITTERNESS FROM HER BODY...



OH, HOLLAND
WHY HAVE YOU FORCED
ME INTO THIS? I COULD
HAVE BEEN SO GOOD
TO YOU!



HER THOUGHTS GO BACK! SHE RECALLS HOW ONE NIGHT EARLIER, THE DANCING WAS OF A DIFFERENT NATURE. THEN, THE VILLAGE SQUARE HAD GLOWED GENTLY IN THE GAS-LIGHT... ALIVE WITH JOCKULAR FACES AND FLUTTERING SKIRTS...

GOOD EVENING,
MR. WINGATE! ON A
NIGHT LIKE THIS, YOU
SHOULD BE DANCING,
NOT TALKING. IT'S
SO WILD, SO
SENSUAL...
WOULD YOU LIKE
TO JOIN ME?

SURELY I COULD
OFFER YOU MORE..
MUCH MORE...

I FIND YOUR
MANNER OFFENSIVE,
MISS. NOW WOULD
YOU KINDLY STEP
AWAY!

THAT HOLLAND
WINGATE THINKS
HE'S QUITE A LADIES'
MAN! BUT SO FAR,
HE HASN'T SO
MUCH AS CAST A
GLANCE MY
WAY!

NOT NOW, MISS.
AT THE MOMENT I
AM MOST PLEASANTLY
ENGAGED IN THIS
YOUNG LADY'S
COMPANY!

THE DRUMS CEASED AND THE DANCING WAS ARRESTED. SILENTLY, THE COVEN GATHERED AROUND THE ANCIENT STONE ALTAR, EACH WITH THEIR OWN DARK THOUGHTS...



YOU MADE A FOOL OF ME BEFORE THE WHOLE VILLAGE, HOLLAND WINGATE FOR THAT, YOU WILL SUFFER!



LET THE RITE OF CONJURATION BEGIN!

THE LAMB SQUEALED ONCE AS THE BLADE PLUNGED INTO ITS SOFT UNDERBELLY. THIS WAS NO LAMB OF GOD WHO WOULD CLEANSE THE WORLD OF EVIL... THIS WAS A LAMB THAT WOULD DWELL IN HELL...



LORD OF DARKNESS... WE, THE STEWARDS OF SATAN, ASK THEE TO SEND US...



... THY SERVANT THE SIPHE, TO AID US IN HOMAGE TO YOUR WILL...



THE CHANTING DRONED ON AND THE AIR PERMEATED WITH THE ODOUR OF SULPHUR AND BRIMSTONE!



ALL WATCHED IN AWE AND ANTICIPATION AS I WAS DRAWN FROM MY WORLD INTO THEIRS!

HOW DO I DESCRIBE THE **PAIN** THAT TORE AT MY BODY AS I PASSED THROUGH ETHEREAL **BARRIERS** TO THIS **WORLD OF THE LIVING...** A WORLD OF WHICH I HAD **ONCE** BEEN A PART!



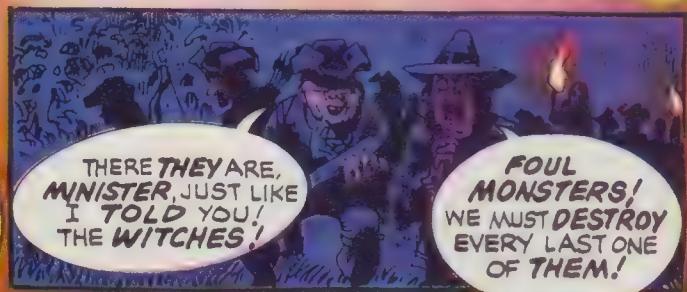
GRADUALLY THE PAIN SUBSIDED AND I **HEARD** THE VOICE OF THE ONE WHO SUMMONED ME. IT WAS A **SOFT** VOICE... IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN **GENTLE** IF NOT TEMPERED BY YEARS OF **RESENTMENT** AND **SELF-PITY**...



SO, EVIL ONE, YOU HAVE COME AS I **COMMAND**ED! THEN LISTEN... THERE ARE TWO IN THE VILLAGE WHO HAVE **WRONGED** ME... I WANT THEM **PUNISHED**!

AS THOUGH THEY WERE LIVING!

HER **COMMANDS** ECHOED IN MY MIND, FAMILIAR WORDS OF **HATRED**... ONES I MIGHT HAVE USED **MYSELF** CENTURIES AGO. BUT THEN THERE CAME **OTHER** VOICES... ANGRY VOICES... AND ANOTHER KIND OF **HATRED**.



THERE THEY ARE, MINISTER, JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU! THE WITCHES!

FOUL MONSTERS! WE MUST DESTROY EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM!

ALL THE MADNESS OF HELL
COULDN'T COMPARE WITH THE
HORROR WHEN THE MINISTER
CONFRONTED THE WITCHES...

BUT HER WORDS WERE
SILENCED BY THE THIN
SHAFT THAT JUTTED
FROM HER BREAST...

AND YET A COMMAND HAD BEEN,
GIVEN! I TURNED TOWARD THOSE
PITIFUL MORTALS, AND...



AND SO I BECAME A MAN! CERTAINLY NOT THE ONLY ONE WHOSE MORTAL SHELL BELIED THE TRUE NATURE WITHIN...

AND NOW I HUNT THE ONE MY MISTRESS ORDERED ME TO PUNISH...! THE MAN NAMED HOLLAND WINGATE!



IN A VILLAGE THIS SIZE, IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR ME TO FIND THE ONES I SOUGHT. WE CHANCED TO MEET IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE, AND I INTRODUCED MYSELF AS NATHAN BROWNE.



NATHAN I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY FIANCÉE, SHELLY ALLAN.

CHARMED, I'M SURE.

WHERE DO YOU COME FROM, MR. BROWNE?

I'M NOT QUITE CERTAIN, MISS ALLAN. YOU SEE, I REMEMBER NOTHING ABOUT MY PAST LIFE.

HOW VERY ODD! WELL, HOLLAND WE'D BEST HURRY OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR CHURCH!

YES, QUITE. I TRUST WE'LL SEE YOU BEFORE LONG, MR. BROWNE?

HOLLAND WINGATE DID NOT REALIZE HOW PROPHETIC THOSE PARTING WORDS HAD BEEN! THAT NIGHT, I FOLLOWED HIM THROUGH THE TENEBOUS BACK ROADS OF THE VILLAGE AS HE WALKED HOME, UNSUSPECTING...

SOMETHING INSIDE ME PITIED HIM. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT EVIL HE HAD DONE THAT I MUST SLAY HIM, AND SOMEHOW I SENSED THAT HE DESERVED BETTER THAN THIS...



THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I MIGHT HAVE HAD THE WILL TO RESIST... TO CHOOSE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL...

BUT THAT TIME HAS LONG PASSED...

THERE IS NO LONGER CHOICE...

THERE IS ONLY OBEDIENCE!



MORNING CAME, AND MY
DARK DEEDS OF THE
NIGHT BEFORE WERE
BROUGHT TO LIGHT...

JH, NATHAN!
HOLLAND WAS
FOUND MURDERED
LAST NIGHT. IT'S
SO TERRIBLE!

I'M SORRY,
SHELLY. HAVE
THEY CAUGHT
THE MURDERER
YET?

NO, THEY
THINK HE WAS
ATTACKED BY SOME
WILD ANIMAL!
OH, NATHAN
WOULD YOU
WALK ME HOME,
PLEASE? I
PREFER NOT
TO BE ALONE
RIGHT NOW.

I FOUND MYSELF ODDLY
ATTRACTED TO THIS
GIRL, MY THOUGHTS
GREW TROUBLED AND
UNSETTLED, AS SHE
AWAKENED IN ME
FEELINGS THAT I
THOUGHT HAD DIED
CENTURIES AGO...
WHAT WAS WORSE
I KNEW SHE WAS MY
NEXT VICTIM... THE
LAST I WAS ORDERED
TO SLAY...

I DON'T
KNOW HOW TO
THANK YOU,
NATHAN. IT'S SO
IMPORTANT
TO HAVE SOMEONE
TO TURN TO
AT A TIME
LIKE THIS!

WHEN WE REACHED HER
HOME, I TOOK HER IN
MY ARMS, SO WARM
SO TRUSTING... I
RECALLED ANOTHER
MUCH LIKE HER... ONE
I HAD ONCE LOVED IN
SOME ANCIENT
CENTURY... BEFORE
I COMPROMISED MY
HUMANITY TO A GOD
OF SILVER... I DID
NOT WANT HER
DEAD... BUT I
KNEW I HAD NO
CHOICE...

SHELLY,
THERE'S SOMETHING
I WANT
TO TELL YOU!

NOT NOW,
NATHAN. THERE'S
BEEN ENOUGH
PAIN ALREADY.
JUST HOLD
ME CLOSE...





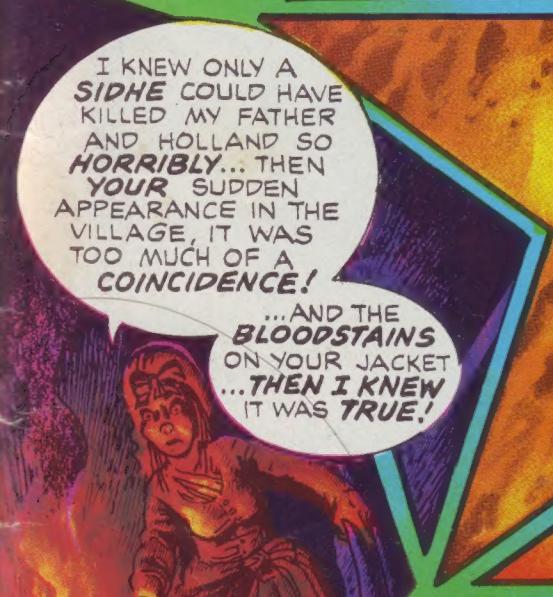
OH, NATHAN.
IF ONLY YOU KNEW
HOW MUCH I HATE
TO DO THIS.



BUT I
HAVE NO CHOICE!
MY FATHER AND I
DEVOTED OUR LIVES
TO STAMPING OUT
WITCHCRAFT...
WHEREVER IT
EXISTS...

MY FATHER
THE MINISTER...
YOU KILLED THE
NIGHT HE CON-
FRONTED THE
WITCHES!

GLIK
GLIK
GLIK



I KNEW ONLY A
SIDHE COULD HAVE
KILLED MY FATHER
AND HOLLAND SO
HORRIBLY... THEN
YOUR SUDDEN
APPEARANCE IN THE
VILLAGE, IT WAS
TOO MUCH OF A
COINCIDENCE!

...AND THE
BLOODSTAINS
ON YOUR JACKET
...THEN I KNEW
IT WAS TRUE!



I'M SORRY,
NATHAN, TRULY
SORRY!



BORN OF FIRE,
DIE BY FIRE... ONLY
FLAME CAN SEND YOU
BACK FROM WHERE
YOU CAME...



THAT WAS A BRIGHT
IDEA SHELLY HAD FOR
GETTING RID OF NATHAN!
GUESS SHE COULDN'T
TAKE ANY MORE OF
HIS SIDHE LIFE...
POOR NATHAN'S
HEATED UP OVER
IT, TOO!

VAMPIRELLA



**A SECOND SCARY ISSUE FROM THE WORLD
OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL VAMPIRE**
FULL COLOUR HORROR
SPINE-CHILLING SENSATIONS
ON SALE MARCH 14th, 1975.